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RUINS OF

RHODDLAN CASTLE;

OR THE

MIST OF THE BLOOD-RED PLUME,

WELSH LEGEND.

Tale of the days of old when superstition
fadedly much, smiled on the cap of igno-

Continued.

The Knight of the Blood-red Plume smiled—
in the mist of satisfaction; and he placed
behind a dagger.

Use it," he cried, "in self defence alone—
as Sir Rhyswick!"

In this moment, a number of torches were
flaming down the walk—Rhyswick was
in the midst of a party of servants whose coun-
tenances were expressive of fear.

Go!" cried Erida, "they bend their
knees; we shall be discovered."

Take the dagger," returned the Knight
and it into her hand.

How am I to use it?" exclaimed the maid
in terror.

Sir Rhyswick advances to him alone, and
he for—plunge it in his bosom."

In the bosom of my father?" cried she,
horror. "Wertwold—Merciful heavens!

at my ears deceive me? Horror! horror!
in the bosom of my father!—Away, mon-

ster! Come to my arms, Erida," ex-claimed the
Knight. "I have proved your virtue, and you
doubly dear to me." He pressed the trem-
bling maid to his bosom.

At this moment, Sir Rhyswick entered the
room.

That way—this way!" cried Wertwold,
pointing through a small outlet, that led to
the river; footsteps pursued them. Still Erida
the dagger in her hand, and the pale maid
watching the path, betraying the shadow
of a person in pursuit, wrapped in a long,

white shawl. "We are betrayed!" cried Wertwold; "our
first must die."

See the corse! it is at shore," said Erida.
And, at this moment, some one seized her
and bore behind.

Place your dagger in his heart!" cried
the Knight.

Had your impious hand!" cried a hollow
voice.

Strike!" demanded the Knight.

For murders!" uttered the voice.

Our safety perils for his death?" rejoined
the Knight.

In the hand of the prisoner now clasp'd Erida
shoulder; who, disentangl'd herself, turn-

ed round, and plunged the dagger in
the Knight's heart.

The wounded man dropped upon the ground.
Curl Erida!" escaped his lips, and he in-
stantly expired.

"Hence! God—abandoned murderers!" mur-
dered the voice that had before—pointed the way
to Erida. "Fly to meet thy doom."

"Hark!" cried the maid; "heard you noth-
ing?—What voice was that?"

Terror met upon her brow—her lips were pal-
id with fear—her eyes look'd wild and fervid.

"I heard nothing but the winds, sighing a-
long the strand."

"Did you hear nothing?" exclaimed she.

"Merciful God! What have I done?—Mur-
derers!" "Oh, let me look on him I have slain."

She approached the corse, spite of the entreas-
ties of Wertwold; and discovered, wrapped up
in a long cloak, the bleeding body of Sir Rhys-
wick! A crimson stream flowed from the
fresh mortal wound—his eyes were closed and
clad in death—his cheeks were wan—his
mouth wide and distended.

"Oh, God! my father!" exclaimed Erida.
"Murdered by my hands!" And fell fainting
upon his bleeding breast.

Wertwold endeavored to recal her to reco-
lection; but, for a long time, vain were his
attempts.

At length, recovering, "Leave me," she cri-
ed; "leave me to die with my murdered father."

"Away! Anguish gnaws my breast—A
handcuffed by heaven, leave me to die, and re-
ceive the punishment of my guilt."

"You save, Erida!—See, the vassals of
the Baron drag near!"—Hark! now their
voices are heard—their torches gleam in the
walks; we shall be discovered, Erida, Erida,
let me arouse you from this torpor—let us fly,
Erida, and save ourselves from an ignomin-
ious death."

"Away!" cried the distracted maid; "I
am a wretch unfit to live—more unfit to die:
yet I will expiate my foul offence by submit-
ting to those tortures that await me—which exceed
those the agonies of my own bosom. Oh! my
much loved father!" she exclaimed, turning to
the still bleeding corse; "your daughter—
your own daughter, is your murderer."

She fell upon his bosom; and still the Blood-
plumed Knight urged her to fly.

"Erida," he returned, "what false notions
occupy your brain! Rather by penitence ex-
piate the crime; the foul offence is not to be
atoned by death. Heaven in his wrath has
doomed your soul to everlasting torment; live,
then, and, by penitence, seek to appease his ven-
geance."

"What can the wretched murderer of her
parent hope for? Leave me, Wertwold; dis-
traction rages through my brain—I am insen-
sible—Gone! abandoned—doomed to eter-
nal torment."

"Oh, Erida! I think on your perilous fate:
be saved by the scandalizing tongue of lu-
cidity—think on the curses each peasant slave
will mutter on her who was once her country's
boast; the name of Erida shall be shuddered
at by those who judge not of the motive, but
the act—children shall be rocked to their slum-
bers with the frightful relation of her guilt, and

she shall live forever in the detestation and ab-
horrence even of the priest on—The plume
shall bear and tremble at her side—the monk
shall cross himself, and tell his hearers, when he
passes Rhoddlan's blood stained tower—all na-
ture shall be shocked with her enormities; and
a pitying sigh shall be heaved for her memory.
Come Erida, let us fly; penitence shall soon
restore peace to your bosom, and your crime
shall be forgotten."

"Oh, no! I will remain and sigh out my last
breath on the cold bosom of my father."

"See, Erida, the tide advances, and Prince
Mervin is at her head; this way he bends
his steps—he has his eye upon us—Distracted
—we are lost."

"Ah! Mervin? comes he hither to witness
my shame?" exclaimed the maid. I cannot
stand the inquiring glance of his penetrating
eye."

"Then hasten to the corse, Erida, which
now awaits us at the shore—Haste Erida! I
hear you not their voices?—They approach
they are at our heels."

At this moment, a number of voices exclaim-
ed, "This way!"

"Oh! hide me—hide me from them; they
come, they come," cried Erida. And
clapping the hand of Wertwold, she flew to
the strand where the corse was anchored.

The footsteps approached; and numberless
torches lined the strand. Sir Rhyswick was
drownded by the vassals of Rhoddlan, wrapped
up in his cloak, and buried in his blood. His
heart was cold in his bosom; no signs of life
animating a cheek; that was pale and death-
ly. His silvery beard was distended and clot-
ted with his gore; the last breath had issued
from his mouth.

Mervin had the corse borne to the castle,
where it lay in state for three days when it was
deposited in the earth, and five hundred mas-
ters were sung for his eternal repose.

In the mean time, the despairing Erida hav-
ing set her foot on board the vessel, was born
over the side with the rapidity of light-
ning. Torches still lined the strand; and their
glaring light was reflected to the opposite shore,
breaking through the horrible darkness that
clouded the earth.

"Vain is your flight, murderers!" whisp-
ered a voice in the breeze. "Mountains audit
conceal his guilt, or cover you not a voice?
The wrath of the great avenger. To the furthest
corner of the world, the retributive sword of
justice shall pursue you."

"Hark!" cried Erida, clinging to the bos-
om of her seducer, while horror distorted her
countenance. "Hark! heard you not a voice?
Oh, Wertwold! hide me; hide me."

She bowed her face in her cloak, while the
Wretched Knight maintained a conspicuous sil-
lence; a long, gazing upon her with satis-
faction, he exclaimed:

"And is Erida mine; do I now press her
in my arms; do I now hold her to my heart,
beyond the power of man to tear her from me!
Why, this, indeed, is triumph; she is mine,
voluntarily mine; she has fled her paternal roof
for me, an unknown; she has rejected Mervin,

be thus apparent in the crown of Wales, who came to her with heart full of love, and professed the wealth of his country at her feet, to share her smile, for me, an unknown; she has renounced her claim to a throne, embraced infamy for a useless name, has preferred the blast of scandal to the mild breath of praise, and all this for me, an unknown!"

A horrible smile, as he concluded, played upon her cheek. Evilda started from his bosom.

"Wertwold?" she exclaimed; "Do you unbrain?"

"Easiest of beauty, no! To me, this guilt is pleasure; had you deluded the world in a sea of blood, or brought another chaos on the earth, Wertwold I would have smiled."

"For Heaven's sake," cried she almost expiring, "tell me, who are you?"

To be Concluded in our next:

EXTRACT.

"The world is dissipated, thoughtless food of pomp and display, and devoted to what it calls a pleasure; and often it seeks its pleasure from what is fraught with wickedness. Yet it would veil all with the accommodating names of harmless gratifications, innocent amusements. All this is at best the Pomp and Vanity of this wicked world; of it is much worse—the Christian renounces it all: it is a unit for a rational being, who has to provide in a few short years of life for everlasting existence! For a sinner preparing to meet his God! He has no time for it: not what is yet more, he has no inclination for it. He ought to be, and he is diligent and watchful; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. He is commended, whatever he does to do all to the glory of God. He is to deny himself and take up his cross daily, and follow his Lord as Master." On point of being accounted unworthy of Him. No! is this a life barren of enjoyment. The possession of a taste, a relish for such a life a preference of it, a delight in it, is the very thing which constitutes a Christian and, for the man who is leading such a life, there are thousand subsidiary pleasures, sober, tranquil and cheering—truly innocent and virtuous pleasures—to be enjoyed. But pleasures which inflame the passions, which dissipate the thoughts, which rob the soul of its sobriety, its holy vigour and reason on in the great work of life are entitled to any character, rather than that of Innocence. Let no man deceive you with vain words." John Knox

SOCIAL VIRTUES.

In the ordinary intercourse of society, we do not so much look for men who exceed in the virtues which get admiration, such as depth of wisdom, height of courage, and largeness of magnificence; we rather seek men who are notable in those which sit less on the eye, as truth of word, meanness of countenance, mercy, and liberality.

EMULATION.

"Who shoots at the mid day sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark, yet so sure he is, that he shall shoot higher than he who aims but at a bush."

SCRAP.—I use a trope on occasions in saying all that is proper, and nothing more!

TO THE SWALLOW.

When thou art, from the genial south
Prepares to let chill winds forth,
With break and sublimity;
Thou wilt not that the summer part,
Twining about the evening blast,
A d d seek at some stiller shore?

Or cling at beneath some mould'ring bank,
Or in some cavern dark and dank
Thou sleep'st all winter's reign;
And when his awful way is o'er,
A cavern's call thou wilt thence make,
A d glads our sight again.

Oh! little evil a bird, that I.
(When winter comes to deform the sky,
And life's gay summer fades,)
Like thee, could cleave the aerial way!
With joyful wings I'd hence away
To ponder tranquil shore!

Where mortals all their eyes forego
All jarring discord, earthborn woe,
Disasters, aching pains;
Where Sorrow's clouds are never seen,
Nor storms are heard; but all's serene,
And spring eternal reigns.

From the Philadelphia Repertory.

VERSES.

"On Naples" From "Anna's Wreath,

In National Intelligencer of Aug. 8,

Though health and joy with roseate hue
No more my pallid cheeks illumine,
And wand'ring, with fearful men,
Triumphant o'er my face is won,
Clear through the mist of years I see
There still is left a hope for me.

Though stern adversity may lower,
And crush me with her iron power,
Though poverty with visage pale
May bid me, wretched man, halt!
Though every friend, alas! should flee,
There still is left a hope for me.

Health may return, diseases fly,
A joy may sparkle in my eye,
Adversity may cease to reign,
And gently bless my bed again,
My heart returning friends may see;
There still is left this hope for me!

But if these expectations fail,
And stern diseases at length prevail,
If these pale harbingers of death
Steal from my breast the vital breath,
Beyond the silent grave I see
There still is left a hope for me.

Health blooms aereal in the sky,
And joy can never, never die,
Adversity, disease and pain
At once there can never obtain;
There mingle friends that never flee,
There still is left a hope for me!

EPITAPH.

By a daughter.

As I shade rever'd this frail memorial take
To all who I thy sorrowing child can make,
On this faint stone to mark the parent's worth,
And claim the spot that holds thy sacred earth!
This clay cold shrine—the corpse enshrouded here
This holy hush bath'd in many a tear
These hushed flowers that on thy bosom glow,
Fed by the sacred dust that sleeps below;
Ev'n these rude landmarks that embrace thy head,

And this green sod that forms thy sacred bed,
A richer, dearer to his final bed,
Than all the monuments of marble e'er
Yet so a little, and thy child shall come,
To join a smile in this humble tomb;
Thou'lt be sweet as I the world is lost,
And soon my dust, sweet saint, shall sleep with thine.

From a Philadelphia Power.

A NEW WAY OF PAYING BILLS.

A young lad who is generally esteemed as the most virtuous and honest of his friends or relations, by means of a certain business, lodged at a public house in Wilmington, and in the morning found breakfast called for his bill, which (no doubt his surprise) was called in amount. He was at the time in possession of finding he could not pay it. He asked his host if he did not want a helper, and was told to go in the afternoon; he then offered himself for that night, declaring at the same time that no person could possibly ask him as he had the power of drawing two kinds of liquor out of one keg; the landlord was so much acquainted with so apparently good a man, as an art, that he went to walk down in his cellar where he had a nut. He was, as he made good his assertion, which if he succeeded in, he should receive constant employment. The youth complied, and boring a hole in one of the casks, requested the expectant host to hold his finger thereon; he then bowed the other end, and the landlord by stretching his arms to his great excitement, was enabled to cover in like manner. Just leaving him in this disagreeable situation, he would go and get a couple of apples but to the torment of his long friend, did not return. He was compelled to become lazier, and any one would relieve him from his uncomfortable position.

FRAGMENT.

Come, Hope! thou queen of endless morn!
U promising as may be the aspect of dawn,
Let us, let us hope for happier days. Even yet these better expectations should never be mine; yet we still have the comfort of glowing our miseries with the glittering smile of fond hope, which with at least cannot our attention from the gloomy prospect before us, and amuse our spirits, till at length we suddenly sink into our graves before we have had time to regret our false hope of our hopes. O, should a ray of light be opened to our disappointment, the most happy of us, reflecting that discovery, can never equal the pleasure attending a long tedious life of poverty and discontent. At all events, come, Hope! be the constant companion I attend me in my retirement. I am in my walks; I stand before me, and I am a phantom that would seize away the power of breath. Obviously point out to me the fiery light of happiness, crowned with aerial bliss, in the perspective. O, those imaginary scenes of bliss! I fit my eyes and my thoughts will carelessly create health, vigor, and a life, to enjoy, if only so happy as to reach the eternal bliss.

Castle building is of a false advantage to the mind, provided that you do not see the superstructure on a feeble foundation, and you put your hopes on the summit.

Miscellaneous Thoughts and Observations.

BY LAVATER.

The natural disposition of a man is his garden; he is a real connoisseur in human nature, the more you possess appropriate intelligence, the more you will appear rich and worldly in the admiration in the eyes of such an observer. It is very singular that among a few persons there is, perhaps, ninety who are interested to every thing, and yet they are only a few who are interested to acquire real value.

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COURT OF APOLLO.

MARY.
A BALLAD.

Rudely saved the hunter I give law,
Wildly wared the wach once willow,
The heavens on high, the earth her pillow,
O'er the child brow the moonbeam peeping,
Gained on the tear of Mary weeping;
In her fond arm he bade her sleep;
Bliss on, thou wind, nor think of Mary!

Fast flow the hours from fall of sun,
Fast to its goal life's bark had run,
Since Lindor and his maid were one—
Alas the now is o'er— Mary!
Life's spark has ceased to warm his clay,
His light to illumine his powers to play,
His glowing flame has fled away,
His gone to keep no more, Mary!

On death's bed night's breeze now crept,
Still on the world, still Mary wept;
All that would, but Mary, slept
Sweet as her Lindor's tomb,
No wondering winged waked his cry,
To waft him up to heaven on high;
No ray of hope could glad her eye,
No gleam could glad her gloom.

Not even a mother's babbling pillow,
Would by a woman whispering willow,
Sighed its last strain on Mary's pillow,
O'er Mary's wake lock'd shawl,
Waked Echo from her clay cold cell,
But when a tear in this cold tell,
But when a sigh could say 'farewell!
Peace to his hallow'd soul!

O'er the white bosom of each wave
O'er the sea's green, as off to rave;
For still her tear would deck his grave,
And still she'd wildly weep,
Crying her infant to her arm—
Awake no more!—her wild alarm,
Near on, sweet babe nor fear thou harm;
Forget thy fears and sleep.

Forget thy wants forget thy woes,
Forget what now thy mortal knows
In life's last dream they seem to repose,
In death's sweet sleep they'll soon lie weary

She said: her eye rolled up to heaven
To see her sin, her soul forgiven;
Then to the deep (by anguish driven)
She sank alas unhappy Mary!

Wild winter winds shall breathe to blow,
Their keel shall ring in ocean's cove
Whit' cypress ovals round it grow,
Their shrouds shall be the wandering wave.

SYMPATHY.

By H. Bliss.

Ah! why was the tear form'd to flow,
O'er the anguish it meant to relieve?
Or the sigh for the victim of woe,
When the means are too scant to relieve!

Must the home of sympathy mourn?
Must friendship and virtue repine?
Must the heart that is tender be torn,
When its passion is pure and divine?

Yes, pity must of en befriended,
And the heart that has feelings must grieve,
When the hand is too bad to extend,
And the weak is the all we can give.

But the heart that has wishes to bless,
Reflects the same pleasure to the giving
And the tear that can drop at distress,
Is as mine that's accepted in Heaven.

PERFUMERY.

J. T. returns his grateful acknowledgments for the great encouragement he has received, and begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has removed to No 112, Wall Street, one door south of John Street, to which a continuance of Public Patronage. Such Ladies as Gentlemen who honor him with their commands may depend on having their articles a Choice, of the Best Quality, and at the most reasonable prices.

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